NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXVIII., No. 16. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, AUGUST 4, 1893. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

THE TERCENTENARY OF THE CONGREGATIONAL MARTYRS:

BARROWE, GREENWOOD, AND PENRY.

(By F. M. Holmes, in Great Thoughts.)

Early one spring morning, three hundred years ago, two men were hanged on Tyburn tree; and near by stood two aged women who had carried the condemned men's shrouds to the gallows.

The birds, we may imagine, were singing brightly their morning song, the leaves of trees were budding with tender green, the April sky was flecked with lovely blue and dotted white with fleecy clouds, and streaks of light from the rising sun were beaming upwards over London city; life was awakening; but these men were dying, and dying calmly, quietly, and nobly.

What had they done to merit this terrible punishment? They were not murderers, they were not thieves, they had not proved traitors to their country. They had simply refused to acknowledge the supremacy of Queen Elizabeth as Head or Governor of the Church; they had refused to obey a severe law passed in the year 1582, and making worship in any method than that of the Church of England to be treason. For this the penalty was death.

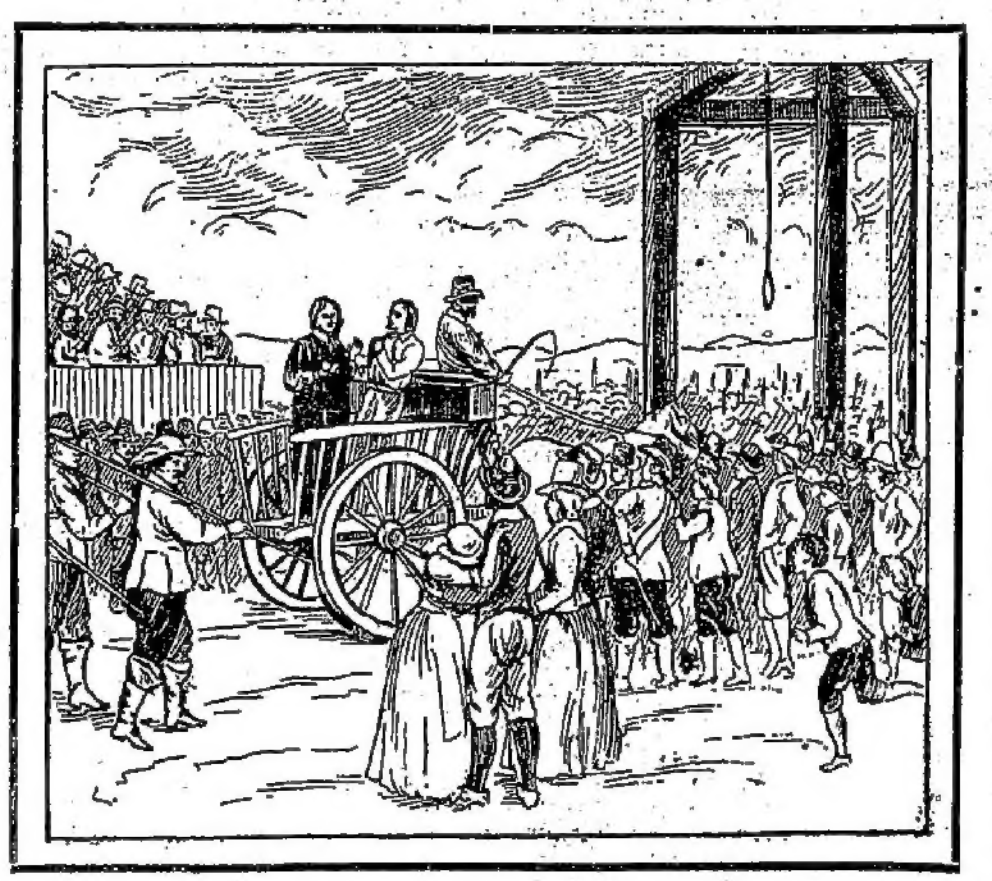
It was for these crimes that these two men were executed. They held that the Church should be free from all State control, and they held also that persons should be free to separate themselves from the Church of England if they could not conscientiously accept all her articles of belief.

One of these daring men, whose name was Henry Barrowe, had actually refused before Archbishop Whitgift to take the Oath of Supremacy—that is, the Oath acknowledging Queen Elizabeth as Supreme Head of the Church, and the other, who was named John Greenwood, had been arrested while in the very act of holding a private religious meeting, which presumably was not according to the forms of the Church of England, in the house of a certain Mr. Henry Martin.

And so after long incarceration in prisons they were taken almost secretly to Tyburn early on April 6th, 1593, and hanged there. Tyburn was in those days, and continued to be so until 1783, the principal place for executions in London. It was situated somewhereabout the spot where the Marble Arch now stands, at the north-eastern corner of Hyde Park, and at the end of Oxford street, once known as Oxford Road. And to this day the district of London just to the north of this place is called Tyburnia.

Nearly two months later, at St. Thomas-a-Watering, Old Kent-road, the place for executions for the county of Surrey, another noble martyr in the great cause of liberty suffered death. This was John Penry, who appears to have been one of the most just and righteous of men, a scholar and an evangelist; a man of the most abounding energy, and yet of great faculties of reflection. He, like Barrowe and Greenwood, was an Independent—or to use the term now more usually adopted by that denomination—a Congregationalist. And those three men, whose testimonies and deaths the Congregationalists are celebrating this summer, were three of the most prominent of the Congregational martyrs in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Penry was a Welshman who had labored to evangelize his own country, and it is worthy of note that in those early days the English and Welsh Independents were so closely associated that among the three great martyrs for Congregationalism, one of them was a Welshman. They were all university men, and had all been at Cambridge, though Penry had been at Oxford as well. Greenwood was educated at Corpus Christi, and had become a Church of England clergyman, but we may suppose that his mind was imbued with the principles of the Reformation, and pushing them a little further than did the Church of England, he came to



ON THE WAY TO TYBURN FOR EXECUTION.

PURITANISM AND INDEPENDENCY.

There appear to have always been men who thought the Church of England did not proceed far enough in the direction of reform at the time of the Reformation in the Tudor period, and such men and women are generally spoken of as Puritans. The word appears first to have been a nickname, and applied to earnest persons of pure lives, who objected to the discipline and ceremonies of the Established Church, but did not separate themselves from it. But as time went on some did separate from the Church, and there came a day—the 19th of June, 1567—when a number of them were discovered meeting in Plummers' Hall, and no fewer than a hundred were lodged in Bridewell Gaol, opposite the spot where the Ludgate Hill station of the London, Chatham, and Dover railway now stands.

For a whole year they appear to have languished in prison, and then seven women and twenty-four men were released. The prison was a filthy and most unhealthy place, and therein Richard Fitz, the minister, and Thomas Rowland, the deacon, of this little church died from gaol fever. In a document written apparently by some of these persecuted people they speak of themselves as 'a poor congregation whom God hath separated from the Church of England, and from the mingled and false worshipping therein used,' and they also speak of Fitz as their minister, and Thomas Rowland as their deacon, and assert that these two and others 'had been fined and killed by long imprisonment.' No doubt many more died in the filthy and unwholesome gaol, and should be counted up in the list of Free Church martyrs.

The church of the Bridewell was one of the first Independent or Congregational churches in England, one existing at Horsingham, in Wilts, however, claiming 1566 as its date of foundation. Foxe, moreover, speaks of some 'congregations' existing in London in 1555, and it is asserted that there was a Baptist church in England as far back as 1417, two years after the famous battle of Agincourt!

No doubt those persons whose minds were tending toward separation from the church were obliged to hold their meetings so secretly that all record—if any existed—is now lost. However this may be, this Congregational church, of which Fitz was the pastor, was the first Congregational church in London of which we have any reliable and authentic record.

The occasion of that meeting in Plummers' Hall should have been a festive one. It was none other than a wedding, and the attendants appear to have made the nuptial celebration an occasion for meeting together to worship according to their convictions. At that time apparently, they had not actually separated from the Church of England, though we doubt not but they had held secret meetings before.

Then the grave religious service was rudely broken. In burst sheriffs' officers upon the startled worshippers, and they were hauled off to prison. For, any meeting for worship, except according to the order of the Church of England, and conducted by her clergy, was then illegal. And in the noisome prison apparently, these poor persecuted folk separated themselves from the Established Church, and formed themselves into a society or congregation.

That imprisonment of the hundred persons in Bridewell must have shown to men and women whose minds were seriously turned in the direction of religious reform, that there was little or no prospect of improvement in the Church itself, and it also must have showed them how autocratic Elizabeth had determined to be in religious matters.

Other survivors of that terrible punishment were released in about another year's time, and they held meetings in Southwark for worship. Then arose Robert Browne—a relative of Lord Burghley—an able and courageous man who, about 1580, began to formulate the principles and ideas of the Separatists, and soon after actually founded a church at Norwich on Congregational principles. The Bishop soon sent him to prison, and he escaped to Holland. But there appear to have been other meetings in the same county, and the Bishop strove hard to suppress them. Two prominent men were imprisoned — Elias Thacker and John Copping, and after being kept in gaol for some years, they were hung at Bury St. Edmunds.

Greenwood had been a chaplain in Lord Robert Rich's house at Rochford, in Essex, and Lord Rich was a leading Puritan; but Greenwood committed here the great crime of actually holding religious services different from the order of the Church of England; and we are not very surprised, therefore, when subsequently, his mind still tending in this direction, he separated from that Church.

It was toward Independency that he seems to have turned. At all events he was found holding a meeting at Henry Martin's house in London in October, 1586, and the persons there were forthwith shut up in the Clink prison in Southwark.

He had a friend in Henry Barrowe, who

(Continued on Last Page.)

Lillie Pozer Sept 93

THE OLD MAGAZINE PROBLEM.

BY MATE PALMER.

What do you do with your old magazines and papers? Stack them away in the attic if you are so fortunate as to possess one, or if you live in a flat have you three or four shelves entirely around the store-room filled to the ceiling, and some more tucked away in the basement? They are the hoarded accumulation of your years of housekeeping, the dread of house-cleaning season, and, if perchance you are one of those migratory individuals who live in a rented home, the terror of moving time, when they must all be carefully packed, dusted, and a new place set apart for them. Of course you value them. Why don't you have a grand clearing out and get rid of them? Some you kept because there was an article you especially liked. To save your life you could not even tell what it was about now. Others you preserved because you did not have time to look at them at all when they came. No, and you never will. In the multiplicity of new magazines you won't go back to the old ones. In the meantime there is a constant demand for something to read in the various charitable and reformatory institutions. What you might easily contribute would, perchance, help to cheer sad hearts and lighten many gloomy hours. Then there are many of your acquaintances who are not flooded with reading matter. Sort your magazines over, you know which will suit or be suitable for certain persons, and when you give them, stipulate that after perusal they shall be passed along to some other hungry mind. Thus only will your shelves assume a less overworked appearance, and the magazines and papers complete the mission for which they were created.

While you are about it, you might go through the numerous bundles and packages you have laid away so carefully from time to time, until every bag, chest and spare nook fairly groans with the accumulation. You have no idea what you will unearth; big rolls of calico, like gowns long since forgotten; give them to some old woman who still finds an avenue for her industry in the ever gorgeous patchwork quilt. Scraps of silk and velvet in abundance; gladden some young girl's heart with them, whose deft fingers will fashion them into something pretty and useful. And there are a lot of worsteds and some canvas left since the time you used to embroider impossible woollen dogs on pink backgrounds. You will be surprised to find how many really useful things are there, too; articles you have had to buy again and again, because you had forgotten you had them. Now you can utilize them, and the things you don't want, give away.—*Union Signal.*

A GOOD QUESTION.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

If I were asked to name the chief fault of the average teacher, I should say, "Asking questions that can be answered by 'Yes' and 'No.'" Among my acquaintances was once a teacher in a secular school whose method of questioning was invariably this. He would have before him the statements of the text-book, copied out with painstaking care, and would develop the subject thus: "Is is true or is it not true, Mr. A——, that"—and here would follow the statement or definition of the text-book. The ambiguous answer, "Yes," was amply satisfactory. Unfortunately, when such teachers gain a foothold in the Sunday-school, they are not so easily dismissed as from secular establishments.

Now, a good question merely furnishes the starting point, and pushes the scholar out along the course toward some goal of truth; but in a question that can be answered by "Yes" or "No" the teacher himself ambles amiably up the track, and condescendingly allows the scholar's monosyllable to pat him on the head after he himself has reached the goal. A question that can be answered by "Yes" or "No" merely formulates the truth as it exists in the teacher's mind, and invites the scholar's assent to it; a good question, on the contrary, provokes the scholar to formulate truth for himself.

Now, it is much easier to express what we see to be true than to get any one else to express original thought. There is also, to the unwise, more glory in laying down principles to which others must agree than in getting others to lay down principles to which we must agree. It will always be true, therefore, that the lazy and the pompous will have no aim beyond educing monosyllabic answers. Most teachers, however, are earnestly desirous of the best, but do not know how to frame wise questions. What must be said to them?

First, that they must not go to school before their scholars. Expert questioning is not learned in the class-room, but in the study. A lead-pencil is the best teacher. A sheet of paper is the best drill-ground. Let the Sunday-school worker who aspires to the high praise of a good questioner sit down persistently, after studying the lesson, and write out a set of questions. Nay; on each point, so far as he has time, let him write several questions, criticize them, fancy what kind of answer each will be likely to elicit from the scholar, and choose what appears the best question. Try it on the class, and learn valuable lessons from the result.

This method, laborious as it is, must be kept up until skilful questioning has become instinctive. That there may be hope of this happy result, by the way, the written questions must never be used in the class,—only the memory of them, and the drill the preparation has given. It surely will happen, soon or later, that the careful student of practical pedagogics will be able to get along without writing, merely formulating fit questions in his mind as he studies the lesson. After a time he may dispense even with this, and look simply after the points to be presented, trusting to extemporaneous question-making.

Not wholly, however. The best questioner in the world gets into ruts. The best forms of questions ever invented are worse than the worst if they are used with dull reiteration. No one can devote careful attention to the form of his questions without falling in love with some particular way of questioning; and this will not always be the best way, but will probably be the most original way. A form of question that is irreproachable the first time will be unendurable used six times in succession. It is necessary, then, even for the trained questioner, to revert now and then to his old lead-pencil-drill, in order to study variety.

But how may the uninitiated know a good question when they see it, or make it? As said already, it must not be such that a lazy monosyllable may answer it. As said already, too, if one is in doubt, he has but to try it on the class, and note results. But further. A good question will be likely to have something piquant about it, if the subject admits. For instance, "James was killed, Peter was freed; why was that?" is better than saying, "How do you account for the fact that while the apostle James was beheaded, the apostle Peter was delivered from the hands of his persecutors?"

Furthermore, the difference between a poor question and a good one may often be a mere matter of length. "Why did the Christians at Antioch keep the inferior leaders for work in the city, but send away the most prominent men in their church to labor as missionaries?" That is abominable; it should be, "Why did the Antioch Christians send away their best men?"

A good question will contain as much as possible of the personal element. "What do you understand by the phrase 'remission of sins?'" is much better than "What is the significance of the phrase 'remission of sins?'" Because the personal question puts the expected answer in a more modest light, the answer will be more unconstrained and full.

And, by the way, there are few forms of questions more zealously to be avoided than the form I have just used, "What do you understand by—?" It is the unfailing resource of the poor questioner. A verse will be read, a phrase quoted, a doctrine or a principle named, and then will follow, as the night the day, the tiresome old formula, "What do you understand by this, Miss A——?" One would be quite safe in declaring, at any particular instant during common Sunday-school hours, that one-fourth of the Sunday-school teachers of the world were repeating, with united breath, that Methuselah of a query, "What do you understand by this?"

Again, a good question must be swift. It must come so quickly that there will be no time to get out of the way. Some questions that, if written out, would not be bad, are prolonged in the utterance of over-deliberate teachers like foggy illustrations of the law of perspective. Good questions leap. You feel their buoyancy as you read them or hear them. It is like the huntsman springing into the saddle and shouting, "Come on!" No one with an atom of thoughtfulness is dull to the exhilaration of spirited questions. They have inspired all the wise thinking of the world.

And, finally, good questions should be absolutely clear. There is one thing in the world that must always be faultlessly perspicuous and distinct, and that is a marching order in time of battle. Now, questions are the marching orders of our scholars' brain regiments, in a battle of infinite moment. Let them ring clearly as ever bugle call was sounded. Questions mumbled, hesitant, caught up and patched over, confused and slovenly,—what wonder if these get slow and mumbled answers? A question clearly put, not only proves that the questioner has clear ideas, but it wondrously clarifies the ideas of the answerer.

Good questions, then, are thought-compelling, varied, short, personal, piquant, unhackneyed, brisk and clear. Do I ask too much? Nothing that all may not acquire, if but a tithe of the zeal and labor claimed by the trivialities of a few years are spent upon these issues of eternity. Let every teacher consider what characteristics of a good questioner he may add to his pedagogical outfit.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VII.—AUGUST 13, 1893.

PAUL AT JERUSALEM.—Acts 21: 27-39.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 30, 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake.'—Phil. 1: 29.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 21: 1-14.—Paul Going to Jerusalem.
T. Acts 21: 15-26.—Paul at Jerusalem.
W. Acts 21: 27-39.—Paul Assailed.
Th. John 19: 1-16.—Christ also Suffered.
F. 1 Peter 3: 8-17.—Suffering for Righteousness' Sake.
S. Phil. 1: 19-30.—Suffering for Christ.
S. Psalm 46: 1-11.—God a Help in Trouble.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Seized by the Jews. vs. 27-30.
II. Rescued by the Soldiers. vs. 31-36.
III. Permitted to Speak. vs. 37-39.

TIME.—May A.D. 58; Nero emperor of Rome; Felix governor of Judea, but now at Cæsarea; Claudius Lysias Roman commander at Jerusalem.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, the temple area.

OPENING WORDS.

The particulars of Paul's journey from Miletus to Jerusalem are given in Acts 21: 1-16. On his arrival he was cordially received by the brethren. To remove the prejudices of the Jews, who believed that he forbade the observance of the Mosaic law, it was thought best that he should show himself in the temple with four disciples, the expenses of whose Nazarite vow he should undertake to defray.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

27. *The seven days*—which would complete the observance of the vow. *Of Asia*—proconsular Asia. They had probably seen Paul at Ephesus. 28. *Help*—to bring this offender to punishment. *The people*—the Jews. *The law*—of Moses. *This place*—the temple. *Polluted*—by bringing Gentiles, as they asserted, into the inner court, where none but Jews were allowed to enter. 29. *Trophimus*—see Acts 20: 4. *An Ephesian*—a Gentile of that city. *Supposed*—but falsely. 30. *Drew him out of the temple*—they meant to kill him, but would not pollute the temple with his blood. 31. *Tidings*—official report. *Chief captain*—Claudius Lysias, the commander of the fortress Antonia, adjoining the temple. Acts 23: 26. 34. *The castle*—literally, 'the barracks;' the part of the tower occupied by the soldiers. 36. *Away with him*—so they cried against his Master. Luke 23: 18. 38. *That Egyptian*—alluding to some well-known evil-doer. 39. *Tarsus*—the capital of Cilicia, in the south-eastern part of Asia Minor, north of the Mediterranean sea.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Give an account of Paul's journey from Miletus to Jerusalem. (Acts 21: 1-16.) How was he received at Jerusalem? What report did he make? What counsel did he receive? What did he do? (Acts 21: 17-27.) Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. SEIZED BY THE JEWS. vs. 27-30.—What seven days are here meant? Who found Paul in the temple? What false accusation did they bring against him? Why did they thus accuse him? What followed this accusation? Why were the temple doors shut?

II. RESCUED BY THE SOLDIERS. vs. 31-36.—What did the mob mean to do? How were they prevented? Who was the *chief captain*? What did Lysias do? What did he inquire? What did the mob answer? What did Lysias then command? What new mob-cry was raised? When was it heard before? Luke 23: 18; John 19: 15.

III. PERMITTED TO SPEAK. vs. 37-39.—What request did Paul make? For whom had Lysias mistaken him; What did Paul say of himself? What further request did he make? What followed this request? What should a Christian be always ready to do? 1 Peter 3: 15.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. The enemies of the truth are ready to believe evil of a good man.
2. We should not judge from outward appearances.
3. We should not act on partial information.
4. We should not allow anger and hatred to enter our heart.
5. We should defend ourselves when falsely accused.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Who stirred up the people against Paul? Ans. The Jews from Asia.
2. What accusation did they bring against him? Ans. They accused him of speaking against the law, and of defiling the temple by bringing Gentiles into it?
3. By whom was he attacked? Ans. The Jews dragged him from the temple, and were about to kill him.
4. How was he rescued? Ans. The chief captain came with soldiers, and took him from them and bound him.
5. What followed his rescue? Ans. The chief captain gave him permission to speak to the people.

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 20, 1893.

PAUL BEFORE FELIX.—Acts 24: 10-25.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 14-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.'—1 Cor. 16: 13.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 22: 1-30.—Paul's Defence.
T. Acts 23: 1-11.—Paul Before the Council.
W. Acts 23: 12-35.—Paul sent to Felix.
Th. Acts 24: 1-27.—Paul Before Felix.
F. Rom. 10: 1-13.—Righteousness.
S. Titus 2: 1-15.—Temperance.
S. Matt. 25: 31-46.—Judgment to Come.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Charges Denied. vs. 10-13.
II. The Faith Confessed. vs. 14-21.
III. The Matters Deferred. vs. 22-25.

TIME.—May, A.D. 58, seven days after the last lesson; Nero emperor of Rome; Felix governor of Judea; Agrippa king of Trachonitis, etc.

PLACE.—Cæsarea, the residence of the Roman governor of Judea, forty-seven miles north-west of Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

The intervening history given in chapters 22 and 23 should be carefully studied as the introduction to this lesson. Paul was sent as a prisoner to Cæsarea, the residence of Felix, the Roman governor. Five days after his arrival his accusers came from Jerusalem. Paul was charged with three crimes—viz.: 1. With sedition; 2. With being a ringleader of the sect of Nazarenes; 3. With an attempt to profane the temple at Jerusalem. To each of these charges Paul gives a specific reply.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

10. *Governor*—Claudius Felix, a freedman of the emperor Claudius. 11. *But twelve days*—what opportunity had there been in so short a time for him to raise a sedition? *To worship*—he gives three reasons for his visit: 1. To keep the feast; 2. To bring alms; 3. To make offerings. 12. *Disputing*—raising a tumult; a flat denial of the first charge. 14. *But this I confess*—Paul now answers the second charge. *Heresy*—Revised Version, 'a sect,' the same term as used in their charge (v. 5). *The law and the prophets*—the Old Testament Scriptures. In becoming a Christian he had not apostatized from the faith of his fathers. 17. He now refutes the third charge. *Alms*—the gifts of the churches. *Offerings*—the ritual sacrifices in the temple. 21. *Except it be*—this one saying was all that the council had any personal knowledge of, and it had caused a division in the council itself. 24. *Drusilla*—daughter of Herod Agrippa, and sister of Agrippa II., who appears in the next lesson. 25. *Trembled*—in view of his sins and their coming punishment. *Go thy way*—he dismissed the subject for the present, but promised attention to it in the future. But the convenient season never came.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who was Felix? Who accused Paul before Felix? What charges were brought against him? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE CHARGES DENIED. vs. 10-13.—How did Paul begin his defence? What general denial did he make of the charges against him? vs. 13? What was the first charge? What was Paul's reply and proof?

II. THE FAITH CONFESSED. vs. 14-21.—What was the second charge? What confession of faith did Paul make? What did he say of his hope? What further did he declare of himself? What was the third charge? What was Paul's reply? What did these facts show? Who had first made this charge? What did Paul say of them? Why did he refer to his conduct before the council? Of what one voice did Paul speak? What is the substance of Paul's defence?

III. THE MATTERS DEFERRED. vs. 22-25.—What did Felix do after hearing Paul's defence? Why did he defer his decision? Under what guard did he put Paul? Who were present at the second hearing? Of what did Paul reason? Why did Felix tremble? What did he say to Paul? What would have been a better decision?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Truth may sometimes be regarded as heresy.
2. We should so live as to have a 'conscience void of offence.'
3. Innocence will give a man boldness in the presence of his accusers.
4. Guilt will make a man a coward—a judge to tremble before his prisoners.
5. It is very great folly to put off what is an immediate duty.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. With what three crimes was Paul charged? Ans. Sedition, heresy and profaning the temple.
2. How did he reply to the first? Ans. He denied it, and called upon his accusers to prove it.
3. How did he answer the second? Ans. He confessed himself a Christian, but declared his belief in the Jewish law and prophets.
4. What did he say of the third charge? Ans. He declared that instead of profaning the temple, he was in it as a worshipper.
5. On what subjects did he reason before Felix? Ans. Righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.
6. What effect had his reasoning on Felix? Ans. He was alarmed, but did not change his life.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A SUPPER WHICH NEVER WAS EATEN.

The Missionary Society needed money —it always did; that is the chronic state of missionary societies. But this was a sort of crisis; that is to say, there was a large pledge to meet soon, and very little money in the treasury.

"Let's have an oyster supper," said some of the younger members. It was not exactly an original idea, missionary societies having "spoiled the Philistines" in that manner before now. The older members groaned in spirit, but not audibly, feeling somewhat conscientious about dampening youthful enthusiasm.

So committees were appointed to "solicit." In plain English that means "beg." In due season the ladies met again, and these committees reported. They had had most gratifying success. There were so many sandwiches, so much biscuit, so many loaves of cake, so many boiled hams, coffee, tea, pickles, jellies galore. For if anybody supposes an oyster supper means oysters only, he must be very simple indeed, and needs some woman to instruct him. Enough to feed three hundred people had been promised, and the committees just beamed. At this point a bomb was thrown, but it fizzed in such a mild fashion at first, nobody suspected it would set all their plans flying. A quiet-voiced woman, who had a serene, firm face, said:—

"I have thought of something new we might try. We might dispense with the supper."

"How? Why didn't you speak of it before we'd taken all the trouble of soliciting?" This from a young girl who was impulsive and did not dream of being impertinent.

"Only because the plans for the supper needed to reach this point before the experiment could be made."

They crowded around her with eager questioning.

"Well, this it is. Some of us older ones have grieved over our method of raising money. It is a kind of false pretence, hardly the cheerful giving which God approves. We haven't spoken, because we didn't see any other way clearly. It doesn't seem just the best method of aiding our best Friend's work. If your father or your brother needed a sum of money, I don't think, in order to raise it, you would exactly like to beg the materials for a great supper, and then advertise for people to come in and buy the supper—Oh! yes; I know it's a good cause, the best in the world, therefore we ought to treat it well. It is too much like a Jesuit to say that the end justifies the means."

"Well, what do you propose?" struck in an impatient voice.

"Just this: You have it all down in black and white just what each one will do. Mrs. So-and-so gives two loaves of cake, etc. Now let the soliciting committee go round once more, and ask each woman to make a careful estimate of what her contribution would cost in money. Then ask her if she will not give the money instead of the food. Tell her some reasons—the one I have hinted at, and others which will suggest themselves."

"They won't do it."

"Well, let us try this once."

"But we couldn't keep it up, pretending to give a supper and not give it."

"No," said the woman, smiling, but firm, "we couldn't keep it up, though this is not a pretence, because you really did intend to have a supper. But it would be an entering wedge of thought, which might open possibilities of better methods."

It was agreed that the committees should go around once more, twice, if need be, to collect the money, and report that day week. That day week brought a large attendance; the innovation had stirred up many contributors to come and talk it over. Except to a few who had been praying, it was surprising how well the thing took.

"I was so thankful not to have the extra work. A houseful of company, and my girl left in the midst of it. I'm going to add part of her wages to the value of the cake."

"I felt thoroughly ashamed, for I'd always counted myself so liberal. I thought two loaves of sponge cake must cost about a dollar, and when I came to estimate the sugar and eggs and flour I used, and knew there wasn't more than fifty cents' worth —well, I was glad to give a dollar in money, to keep any sort of self-respect." There was a suspicious shine in the speaker's eyes, though she rattled the words off merrily.

The committee reported an amount of money sufficient to meet the pledge.

"Not so much, though, as we would have made in the old way," said one, who wasn't a croaker, but only wanted to be just to both sides.

"No, not quite; but there would have been the hall to pay for, and the advertising, and the oysters, and all the other things we have to buy, to say nothing of the wear and tear of ourselves. Some of us have doctor's bills after church festivals. Perhaps we cleared nearly as much, and are not overworked besides."

"And no Philistine has deceived himself, thinking he has contributed to the work of the God of Israel by eating a supper bought of a missionary society," so said the serene woman, reverently.

The thing did go on for some time; for every woman in that church came to know what was meant when a festival was suggested. It was like an "Open Sesame" to their hearts.

Somebody called it a "standing joke," but it was a wholesome kind of joke.

The entering wedge of thought opened many minds to truer ideas of what giving is. The one suggestion to treat our best Friend as well at least as we would treat our human friends, was a seed dropped into the opened minds, which sprang up and brought forth fruit.—*Helen A. Hawley in Interior.*

WORK FOR THE MASTER.

BY M. E. DUNHAM, DD., LL.D.

It was at the close of a sermon in which I had been pressing home to the hearts of my hearers the duty of personal work for the Master in efforts to win souls into His kingdom. My own heart was full of the subject, and I had spoken earnestly in the desire to impress those who listened with a sense of personal responsibility. Several came to me with a renewal of their pledge to be more diligent in the Master's service; but one good sister among them said:—

'Yes, all you have told us is true, and probably you think I ought to give my pledge with these to work for the Master, but I can't; and I may as well confess it. I have faults enough without adding hypocrisy. I would gladly work for him if I could; but I can't.'

She saw plainly that I did not take any stock in her plea of lack of ability, and with redoubled earnestness she continued: 'I am telling you the plain truth, what I feel and know to be true. I have no desire to shirk any duty, nor any feeling of unwillingness to work for the Master in any way that he may lead me; but I have no gift to talk with others about their souls, not even to my nearest and dearest friends; and then, too, my own Christian life is so imperfect they would be saying to me, "Physician, heal thyself," or else look quizzingly at me as one who preached what she did not practice.'

Having long before learned that argument in such cases accomplishes nothing, I replied: 'Well, if you can't win souls for Christ by talking, then win them in some other way.'

'What other way?'

'By teaching them how to live rightly.'

'O dear! I don't know how to live rightly myself, how then can I teach others?'

I looked at her steadily for a moment, and then said 'Mrs. Lightbread, you know how to cook.'

Now cooking was the one thing above all others upon which she prided herself, and justly, too—for she was acknowledged to be the best cook in all that region. Cooking to her was a fine art; she studied it as a science; found out ways of making the most savory and yet healthful dishes of food at the least expense; ascertained how the raw material could be most economically and profitably used; and of course was neighborhood authority on this subject.

Mrs. Lightbread made no reply, but abashed, blushing with the innate modesty of true womanhood, stood embarrassed and perplexed. After a moment's pause I proceeded, 'Use this gift of cooking for the Master.'

She looked at me in utter amazement. Her very eyes were full of surprised questioning. Use her knowledge of cooking for the Master! 'How?' was the only word that came to her lips.

'Among your neighbors,' I said.

'Do you mean that I ought to set up a cooking-school for my neighbors?'

'What I want you to do is to be done in private homes. For instance, there is the Petersen family, poor, ill clad, and consequently unable to attend church. What is the trouble with them? Mr. Petersen is sober, industrious, and earns good wages. Why don't they get along better?'

I looked at her for a reply. She thought a moment, and then said 'I think the fault is with Mrs. Petersen. Her husband provides enough, but she don't seem to know how to use it economically. You know the old saying that 'the wife can throw out of the window with a teaspoon more than the husband can throw into the door with a shovel,' and I think this is the case in the Petersen family.'

'You have stated the case exactly. Go thou in the name of Christ and remedy it.'

'Would that be work for the Master?'

'Certainly it would. Anything that betters the condition of any human life is work for Him. And then, if in this way you should lead them to believe in Him, your work would culminate in the grandest success.'

'I understand,' said she.

'I would say first gain Mrs. Petersen's confidence, for without that you will fail. Then casually introduce the subject of cooking by telling her of some new ways of preparing food which you have learned; of the expense and the economy; of the methods you have found most profitable; and of what you have learned by actual experience. Do all this in such a way as not to suggest the least hint that you have any special purpose in it, and if she is like the rest of humanity she will ask you to instruct her in your methods of cooking, and thus put herself under your leadership. Well, by the time you have taught Mrs. Petersen how to cook well and economically the way will be open for you to lead her still higher—perhaps into the fold of Christ.'

Mrs. Lightbread listened thoughtfully, and finally said 'I will try it,' and she did try it.

It will not be necessary to follow Mrs. Lightbread through the details of her work in the Petersen family. She won Mrs. Petersen's confidence completely, and through her that of Mr. Petersen also; she taught Mrs. Petersen how to cook royally and economically, and at the end of three months the husband was unbounded in praise of his wife's culinary skill, while both husband and wife rejoice in living as they never had lived before on food fit for a king, and yet had a surplus of the week's wages left over. Soon better clothing was purchased, a better appearance made among their neighbors, and the tone of their personal character elevated. They began to feel a desire to rise above their former condition, and under this it was an easy thing for Mrs. Lightbread to induce them to attend church. And so they were led to attend the services of the sanctuary. Not having been Gospel-hardened by long resisting the truth, they listened appreciatingly, and in the midst of a revival a few weeks after both were converted and received into the church.

At the close of the service in which Mr. and Mrs. Peterson had united with the people of God Mrs. Lightbread came to me with a radiant face, tears of joy in her eyes, and taking me warmly by the hand said 'I thank you.'

'For what?'

'For showing me how I could do something for the Master.'—*Christian at Work.*

THE USE OF GRAHAM.

Food made from whole wheat has long been considered nourishing and healthful, but not all have learned that it is also sweet, palatable and satisfying. Now that the best quality of whole-grain foods are so perfectly manufactured it should be more generally used by all. To those unable to procure fresh supplies of various sorts, the common Graham flour may be made attractive and nourishing. It should always be sifted to remove the coarsest of the bran which irritates and injures many. It should be fresh and from a good quality of grain. Skill and practice added to knowledge are required in order to insure success in its cooking.

Graham Mush.—Before pouring in the water, butter the kettle to prevent sticking; have the water boiling and salted. Take freshly sifted Graham and gather up a small handful without pressing or packing together and sift lightly from the fingers while stirring constantly. Stir and beat fast and thoroughly fifteen minutes while it boils rapidly, and if you take pains you can soon make a mush which is a smooth, delicate, and quivering jelly and so thoroughly cooked as to have no raw taste. Eaten warm or cold, with fresh cream and sugar, there are few people who will not pronounce it delicious.

Graham Bread.—Start bread at night and use one cupful of soft yeast, or a cake of dry yeast dissolved in a cupful of warm water, and add enough more warm water to make one quart of wetting, one small cup of sugar, and a teaspoonful of salt. The water in which potatoes have been boiled, or two or three potatoes finely sifted while hot, and added to the yeast is a great improvement if one cares to take the extra trouble. Sift five cups of Graham and four cups of fine flour; then sift and mix both together. Stir the other ingredients into the flour with a spoon and, always using fine flour on hands and board, knead well for ten or fifteen minutes, the longer the better. Place in a pan covered closely with another pan, wrap well to retain the warmth, and set to rise. In the morning make into loaves, letting it get pretty light, and bake slowly from an hour to an hour and a half. If you wish a soft crust rub with butter when it comes from the oven and wrap in cloth. Follow directions exactly. When cold this bread may be cut in slices and toasted in a very hot oven.

Plenty of milk, cream, and butter, with whole grain food in various forms, and an abundance of fruit will prove an amply sufficient, and a vastly more healthful diet to many suffering from disorders of the stomach and liver, if they will give them a fair trial.—*Mildred Thorne, in Household.*

A WOMANLY ART.

Every girl should be taught to darn, with all the dainty stitches of the art. There should be instilled into her a sense of the disgrace of wearing a stocking with even a broken thread, while a darn well put in has a homelike, respectable look that in no way deteriorates from the value of a good stocking. Darning is a lady's occupation, akin to embroidery in deftness and gentleness of touch. It requires skill and judgment to select the thread, which should be but a trifle coarser than the web of the stocking, or, in case of cloth, than the thread of the goods. Where a cloth may be easily ravelled, it is better to darn it with the ravellings, unless it is in a place where more than ordinary strain comes on the goods. Thick cloth should be darned between the layers, and, when done by a skilful hand and well pressed, the work becomes practically invisible. A darning case, fitted out with a pretty olive-wood egg to hold under the stocking, a long, narrow cushion of darning needles, cards of various colored wools and cottons, and all the necessaries for the complete outfit of a darner, is a useful present for a girl, and one that she should be instructed to use faithfully.

BUTTER IN TEN MINUTES.

To one pint of good cream, sweet or sour, add one tablespoonful of salt, and one large tablespoonful of butter. The cream should not be chilled, and the butter soft, not melted. Stir the salt in, then the butter, and you will have a nice pound of butter in considerably less than ten minutes. I get mine every time. This should all be put in a mixing bowl and stirred rapidly with the back of the spoon.

This is a simple recipe and I, who have often tried to get a little butter from the savings of one cow's milk and worked till tired and vexed over it, have wished I had known it earlier. These proportions may be increased and larger quantities of butter made.—*Mrs. P. Amy, in Housekeeper.*

TELLING THE STORY.

Little Blue Eyes is sleepy,
Come here and be rocked to sleep;
Shall I sing to you, darling, or tell you
The story of little Bo-Peep?
Of the cows that got into the meadow,
Boy Blue fast asleep in the hay?
If I'm to be story-teller,
What shall I tell you, pray?

'Tell me'—the blue eyes opened
Like pansies when they blow—
'Of the baby in the manger,
The little child Christ, you know;
I like to hear that story,
The best of all you tell;'
And the little one nestled closer,
As the twilight shadows fell.

Then I told my darling over
The old, old tale again,
Of the Baby born in the manger,
And the Christ who died for men,
Of the great warm heart of Jesus,
And the children whom He blessed,
Like the blue-eyed boy who listened,
As he lay upon my breast.

And I prayed, as my darling slumbered,
That this child, with eyes so sweet,
Might learn from the Saviour's lessons,
And sit at the Master's feet.
Pray God he may never forget it,
But always love to hear
The old and the beautiful story,
That now to him is dear.

—*Youth's Companion.*

HALF AN AUDIENCE OF TWO.

BY LEIGH YOUNG.

'Is it worth while to hold the meeting to-night, do you think?' asked a Londoner of his friend one raw December night in 1856.

'Perhaps not,' answered the other, doubtfully; 'but I do not like to shirk my work, and, as it was announced, some one might come.'

'Come on, then,' said the first speaker; 'I suppose we can stand it.'

The night was black as ink, and the rain poured in torrents; but the meeting of the English Missionary Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was held, in spite of the elements, in a brightly lighted chapel in Covent Garden. A gentleman, passing, by, took refuge from the storm, and made up half the audience that listened to a powerful plea for the North American Indians in British Columbia.

'Work thrown away,' grumbled the Londerer, as they made their way back to Regent Square.

'Who knows?' replied the missionary. 'It was God's word, and we are told that it shall nor fall to the ground unheeded.'

Was it work thrown away?

The passer-by who had stepped in by accident tossed on his couch all night, thinking of the horrors of the heathenism of which he had heard that night for the first time. And in a month he had sold out his business, and was on his way to his mission work among the British Columbia Indians, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society.

Thirty-five years afterwards we found him, last summer, surrounded by 'his children,' as he loves to call them,—the centre and head of the model mission station of the northwest coast, an Arcadian village of civilized Indians. It is the romance of missions.

The Hudson Bay company then dominated everything in British Columbia, and in the extreme north-west of the province lay Fort Simpson, the chief trading-post for all that region, where the great canoe market and the feasts and dances of the Indians brought every fall to the post throngs of natives from the interior.

Here Mr. Duncan began his work and labored for four years; but the evils and temptations surrounding such a place offset all his efforts, and he determined to go off by himself, and gather the Indians about him at some place where they would be safe from other influences. Fifty Chimsyans started with him, and in the centre of a wild, unbroken wilderness, just south of the Alaska line, he pitched his tents, and founded the colony of Metlakahtla.

A strip of land in the centre was first marked off for church purposes, and the rest of the territory assigned to them was divided among the Indians.

It was considered a doubtful experiment at first, but Mr. Duncan put his whole heart and soul into it, and the same practical good sense that had brought him success in the busy world of London produced the same results in the wilderness of the Pacific coast. Every Indian who went with him, and every one who came to join the colony, was made to sign a temperance pledge, agree to give up their medicine men with all their rites and incantations, and to do no work on Sunday.

At the end of twenty odd years there was a well-laid-out village, with two-story houses, sidewalks, street lamps, and all necessary conveniences. A large Gothic church has been built, with a comfortable rectory adjoining; and around the village green, in the centre of the settlement, stands a school-house, a public hall, and a store. All of these were built by the Indians themselves, and with their own saw-mill and planing-mill they have turned out the lumber as well. Mr. Duncan has taught them all, working with them himself, and dividing the profits of labor among them. They have built and established their own cannery; for salmon fishing and curing is the great industry of the coast, and it is operated as a joint-stock company. It is wonderful how these so short time ago savages understand the scheme, and draw their dividends as naturally as if the custom had descended to them from their ancestors. The cannery is a marvel of neatness. Everything is done by the Indians, from first catching fish to making the cans, filling, soldering, heating, varnishing, labelling, and packing. And the Metlakahtla salmon bring the highest price in the London market. An average of six thousand cases are shipped every year.

The women have been taught to spin and weave the fleece of the mountain goat into heavy cloth, shawls and blankets. Boots, shoes, ropes, and leather are also made among them, and there is a carpenter's shop in the town where they make really beautiful carved wood boxes. A telephone connects the store with the saw-mill. The steam launch belonging to the company is engineered by one of themselves, and the whole place seems a little world of its own. There is a visitors' house for the entertainment of friends from the neighboring tribes, and boat-loads come down often to see the workings of the village, whose fame has spread far abroad.

But even in this far-off corner of the earth, faith and patience and good works could not be left to carry on their perfect work, and jealousy of Mr. Duncan's work came in to mar the peace of the settlement. A difficulty ensued with a bishop sent out by the Church of England. The rector moved from the parsonage, and gave it up to the bishop, who not only established himself in the house, but also assumed charge of all the services. The Indians were informed that their warehouse and store had been built upon ground belonging to the Church. Instead of placing it under Episcopal jurisdiction, as the bishop had intended, the Metlakahtlas went to work in a body, pulled down the buildings, and set them up outside the proscribed limits. In the effort to prevent the removal the bishop's dignity was wounded, and he sent down to Victoria and asked the protection of a British man-of-war, declaring he was not safe, the villagers were so savage.

From bad to worse the feeling grew, and discord, enmity, and sorrow followed, until at last the missionary saw with reluctance that one party or the other must leave; and he pushed off into the wilderness for the second time, to begin over again the work of a lifetime.

Coming with his devoted band over the boundary line, the brave pioneer entered Alaska, and, making temporary arrangements for 'his children,' he went to Washington to secure a grant of land from the government. He found a friend in a congressman from New York, got his grant through, and founded his colony of New Metlakahtla on American soil in 1886.

Much of this I heard on the ship which took me to Alaska last summer, and at Old Metlakahtla we had seen the town which had grown up so wonderfully, and naturally my desire was great to see the man whose name we had heard all up and down the coast as a synonym of piety, justice, goodness, and benevolence.

It was a bright, lovely June morning when we dropped anchor half a mile from the shore of New Metlakahtla. There is no landing-wharf. Mr. Duncan, warned, perhaps, by past experience, does not wish to make communication with his colony too easy; so we were rowed off from the ship's side in small boats, and landed at the foot of the cannery, which is just on the shore. Here our host met us, and his kindly face, his honest blue eyes, his cheery laugh, and his genial smile, went straight to our heart; and one does not wonder that the most savage Indian cannot withstand that magnetic presence.

As we went about among the colony, and saw everywhere the evidence of his careful supervision, even to minute details, I wondered more and more at the indomitable energy, patience, and perseverance of this wonderful man. When the move was made to American soil, the forms of the Anglican church were discarded and the community named themselves The Christian Church of New Metlakahtla, the members signing a paper pledging themselves to exclusively follow the teachings of the Bible as the rule of faith, and to do their utmost to preserve the spiritual and temporal prosperity and harmony of the community.

Of course, in six years one does not expect the results of twenty-seven; but here, in embryo, are the same trades and industries, church and school, public sentiment and manner of life, that made Old Metlakahtla the pride of British Columbia.

An unbroken wilderness it was indeed when the little band took possession of the forest, and even now part of the wilderness remains, in tangled path, stumps of trees, and masses of undergrowth; but all that will be cleared away in time. Their leader has given them civilization, education, arts, trades, and religion. And the bright faces of the boys and girls who sang the gospel songs and recited their Scripture lessons for us made a memory picture that will not soon fade.—*Sunday-School Times.*

OFF THE RIGHT TRACK.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

I used very often to go out to our workhouse on Sunday afternoon, taking the boys a bushel of red apples or some pretty cards, and talk to them about turning over a new leaf and making good men in the world, because a boy can almost always be just what he sets out to be. If he is bound to get an education he will get it. If he is determined to be rich, he usually becomes so. If he has made up his mind to be a statesman, in seven cases out of ten he will be one. A boy who lived near me had made up his mind to go to college, but he was very poor and used to drive oxen, and plough for a neighbor. He studied Latin with the book before him on a sort of framework he had made on the plough. His mother washed for a living. By-and-by he went to college, became a noble minister, and I have often heard him preach. He willed to be it and he succeeded.

The workhouse was a big brick building where people were placed who broke the law. It had one part where boys were made to work at chairs or shoes or brooms. Most of these boys had fathers or mothers who were not gentle or reliable. A harsh mother usually makes a harsh boy.

On the front seat was one of the handsomest lads I have ever seen. His eyes were large and dark, his complexion fair as a girl's, his forehead high, and his whole manner gentlemanly. He was perhaps sixteen. He had a sad expression, but his face brightened always as he came, the last one, to bid me good-bye. I learned from the lady who had charge that his father and mother had died early, and that he had been taken into a nice family, and had a good position in a store. He wanted more money than he earned; some of the boys he went with had rich fathers. How should he get it? There were rides to be paid for and cigars.

The proprietor used to send to the post-office for his mail on Sunday, a bad example for the young boy under his control. One Sabbath morning when James brought back the mail and sat alone in the office, he opened one letter that had a bill in it. He was somewhat in debt. He had never taken a cent before, but this would not be known, he thought. After a great many doubts and misgivings he put the bill in his pocket and tore up the letter.

In a few days it became known that such a letter had been sent; the postmaster remembered that he gave James one with that particular name on the end of the envelope, and the result was the boy went to the workhouse for a year.

It had been a long weary year. The food had been poor, the bed hard, the boys about him most of them coarse, and not fond of books as he was, and alas, he was disgraced. One wrong action had done it. He did not say No to temptation. "Where will you go, James?" I said one Sunday as I was leaving.

"I don't know; nobody would take me, I suppose. I haven't any home. I wish I had a mother; may be she would forgive me."

"Well, you pray, James, and I will too, and I'll see if a place can't be found."

And all that week I went among my best friends. They all said "We don't dare try a boy who either drinks or steals. He can't be trusted."

"But what shall a boy do who is homeless, and wants to begin again? Many a man steals or cheats and is forgiven. Now do give this boy one trial." But they all said "We must have a boy who does right."

His face brightened as he saw me on the next Sabbath. "I prayed for a place," he said, "and did you get one?"

How could I tell him no, and he without a shelter save my own home, which was already full.

I asked the Lord to show me a place for him. When I had almost given up hope, a letter came from a wealthy merchant in the city many miles away, saying "I will try him for your sake, but it's hard for a boy who gets off the right track to get on again."

James was very happy when I told him, and went away to his home among strangers with a gladder heart than he had had for months. The merchant and his family grew very fond of him. He went to church and Sunday school, and the old stain was getting well nigh washed out.

"Hallo, Jim!" said a rough voice one day in the store. "Don't you remember me in the old workhouse?"

James did remember, but he hoped he would not remain long.

"No place to stay, Jim; out of money and nothing to eat. What's a fellow going to do?"

So James shared his bed with him and his money. The newcomer hung about the store, got James to stay away from Sunday school to walk with him out into the country, and finally, for evil gets power over us inch by inch, he told James how he had stolen a suit of clothes from the large stock of the merchant, because his were shabby, and Mr. T. would never miss them. And by and by he told him he had taken a few more articles in clothing, but he must not tell of him because he was his friend. He was going to start a little shop of his own. At last James himself assisted in taking clothes for this new store. Sin usually is found out. James was suspected, the stolen goods were found in his room, and he was sent to the State Prison for two years, while the one who led him into the wrong ran away and was never seen afterward. Prison fare and work were trying. I sent him papers and wrote him occasionally because he had no mother; but, alas, how hard it was to get on the right track again.

When the two years were over, I saw, one summer morning, a handsome boy coming up the walk leading to my home with a rosebush covered with red roses which he had walked four miles to bring me, very likely having only enough money to buy the flower and none to pay for his ride. I have never seen him since that June morning, though I have heard that in a Western Territory he has come back to right living. He has learned by bitter experience what evil associates will do for one, and how if one yields to temptation it is hard to be trusted again. It is easy to get off the right track; it is very, very hard to get back again.—*Congregationalist.*

IT IS VAIN to think we can take any delight in being with Christ hereafter, if we care not how little we are in his company here.—*Adam.*

A JAPANESE LADY LAWYER.

'A few days ago,' writes M. Griffith, in *Great Thoughts*, 'I had the pleasure of meeting a little Japanese lady, whose history is a romance, but whose purpose for the welfare of her Japanese sisters is a reality.

Madame Tel Sono is descended from the highest class of Japanese nobles, and would, in her own country, take the same rank as a duchess in ours. Her ancestors, besides being nobles, were also highly educated: her grandfather was a philosopher, residing in Nagoya. He had four children (three sons and one daughter). The daughter was a poetess, the eldest son a prince's physician, the second an instructor of war tactics, and the youngest—the father of our heroine—was a poet, philosopher and doctor. He married a governor's daughter and established himself as a doctor at Ebalaki, where his practice was principally amongst kings, princes, and nobles. He also had four children, the eldest of whom was a doctor, the second was Madame Tel Sono, and the third, also a daughter, established the first school for women in Japan. The father was a man eminent for hispiety, never worshipped idols, and the creed that he taught to his children was as follows:—'Minister to the needs of the destitute whenever an opportunity presents itself, resting assured that a pure life, and kind deeds will be rewarded.'

When thirteen years of age, Madame Tel Sono began the study of Japanese poetry, with her father, and many questions arose in her mind, to which she could find no answer, and her father was unable to give her the information she required. One of the questions she asked her father was: 'Who is the true God and where is he?' 'I do not know, my child, but I think he is somewhere in the sky.' 'Who made the earth, the people, the animals, and all other things?' she questioned. 'It may be the work of God,' was the answer, 'because human power is not sufficient.' From this it is evident that both father and daughter believed in some power in the universe, greater and higher than that of humanity. In 1865, at the age of nineteen, Tel Sono was married to an officer of the King's Treasure, and a short time afterwards, she found that her husband was a drunkard. Things went from bad to worse, and one day, because she refused to drink with him, he struck her, and she left him in the year 1871, with her little daughter, aged three, and returned to her father's house, where she established a free school for the poor, and taught in it for three years; her evenings being occupied in studying law with her father. At this time she was greatly exercised in her mind as to the means of providing for her daughter's future, and at last decided upon becoming a lawyer. She gave up her school and went to Tokio to study, and there, for three months, she held the position of Secretary of Judgment: and then became a lawyer—the first and only woman lawyer in Japan. Every day as she went into the court crowds used to gather and gaze upon her, as, together with the telegraph, steam carriages, electric light, and photography, which had only that year been introduced into Japan, she was considered one of the marvels of the age, and her name became known throughout the country. During the twelve years in which she most successfully followed her profession, she got to fully recognize the low position of her country women, who in their girlhood were compelled to give unquestioned submission to their parents, and during their married lives, the same to their husbands; in fact high-class Japanese ladies never learned, or were allowed to think for themselves, but were wholly dependent upon their male relatives. Determined to do something to release her sisters from this mental bondage, Madame Tel Sono thought of America, the women's paradise, and on the 7th of January, 1886, arrived at San Francisco, and had only been there three months when the Bank of Japan failed, in which all her money was deposited. Penniless, helpless, an exile in a strange country, knowing nothing of its people or language, yet she was not discouraged her noble purpose strengthened her, and she hired herself out as a maid of all work, and from six in the morning until ten at night, she swept, washed and baked, and then studied for two hours. Her second situation was a little more comfortable, for although she worked all day, she was allowed to attend a night-school. She was in sixteen situations in all. In 1889 she left San Francisco to attend the Chicago Training School, and there devoted herself to hard study, graduated, and gained many friends.

Her visit to England is for the purpose of obtaining funds to start a school on Christian principles for high-class ladies in Tokio, where students can enter at the age of ten, and where, in addition to all English and Japanese subjects, the following technical branches will be taught: Cooking, Japanese and English, needlework, painting. Special classes will be formed for married ladies where household management and cooking—according to European methods—will be thoroughly taught and lectures will be given on Theology and Physiology.

Madame Tel Sono's more earnest work as a reformer may better be comprehended in her desire to bridge over the vast, and insuperable prejudices that exist between the Japanese, rich and poor, and her educational scheme has wisely provided for this in the following manner: Her school

MADAME TEL SONO.

in the morning will be open for the instruction of the rich paying noble ladies, in the afternoon it will be a free school where all the respectable poor will be welcomed, and instructed by the high-caste ladies, so that the two classes will thus be brought in contact, the rich will be instructed in all the branches mentioned, and will also be taught how to impart their knowledge to others, thus being the recipients of threefold advantages: first, learning; second, teaching; third, humility, forbearance, and Christian charity to their less favored sisters.

It is difficult to convey to the hearts of my readers the manner in which Madame Tel Sono so enthusiastically expressed herself in broken English, which sounded so strange and yet so charming, with its half-American and half-foreign accent, with regard to her educational schemes for the woman world of Japan. Her earnestness has gained for her the support of the Japanese Ambassador and his lady and the Japanese Consul in London and his wife, who are greatly interested in her work and have contributed largely towards it. When we consider the genius and manual skill of the uneducated Japanese in various technical arts, it would be difficult to place a limit to their artistic possibilities when properly trained and cultivated.

If Madame Tel Sono is successful in opening and carrying on her college for women, Japan may yet be known not only as the 'Land of the Rising Sun,' but as the World's School of Art.

A TIMELY TALK.

It is rare wisdom to know when to address judiciously another person upon his religious welfare. All personal allusions of this kind should be made modestly and quietly, and the consequences left with God. Here is an instance in which the result of a serious conversation was all that could be desired:

Two New York merchants lived near neighbors in the environs of the city and rode to and from their business in the morning and evening trains. They saw each other every day, but were not intimate friends, and were very seldom together. One was a religious man, and the other was not.

One day it happened that they occupied the same seat in the car. They fell into talk on business matters, discussed the general condition and prospects of trade, and then spoke of their personal successes.

'It has been a lucky year for me,' said the elder of the two. 'I suppose I could retire with a hundred thousand dollars. That certainly is a competence, and I don't know that I care for any more.'

'Yes, that is enough,' replied the younger. 'You are provided for.'

'I suppose I am.'

'For *this* life. Excuse me, may I ask how about the next—the life beyond?'

'Oh, I don't worry myself about that!'

'But wouldn't it be wise now to give serious thought to what comes after death?'

'I can see no use in it. These matters are beyond our control. I've no fears but it will all come out right.'

'But isn't that a rather uncertain trust? I would not risk it without inquiry and study. Here, if anywhere, we want things plain, and the words of Christ have made them so.'

The merchants parted, to all appearances as totally different men as when they met; the one with a Divine love in his heart; the other taken up with the present life, and with no thought for the life of the eternal future.

No opportunity occurred to renew their conversation. Months passed—and not many—before the elder was taken ill. His neighbor missed him from the daily trains. He inquired after him, but learned of no alarming disease or danger.

At length, one day while he was in the city, a telegram sent at the sick man's request, was handed to him in his office. 'A. is dying, and wishes to see you.' The merchant hurried away, and at the earliest possible moment stood by his neighbor's bedside.

'I could not die,' the sick man whispered, 'till I had seen you and thanked you. What you said that morning on the cars came up to me since I have been confined at home. I've looked into it, thought over it and prayed over it. I'm going now, but going in peace. Christ is my Saviour. My trust and hope are in Him.—*The Day-spring.*

RICH FOR A MOMENT.

The ship 'Britannia,' which struck on the rocks off the coast of Brazil, had on board a large lot of Spanish dollars. In the hope of saving some of them a number of barrels were brought on deck, but the vessel was sinking so fast that the only hope for life was in taking at once to the boats. The last boat was about to push off, when a midshipman rushed back to see if any one was still on board. To his surprise, there sat a man on deck with a hatchet in his hand, with which he had broken open several of the casks, the contents of which he was now heaping up about him.

'What are you doing?' shouted he. 'Escape for your life! Don't you know the ship is fast going to pieces?'

'The ship may,' said the man: 'I have lived a poor wretch all my life, and I am determined to die rich.'

His remonstrances were answered only by another flourish of the hatchet, and he was left to his fate. In a few minutes the ship was engulfed in the waves.

We count such a man a madman, but he has too many imitators. Many men seem determined to die rich at all hazards. Least of all risks do they count the chance of losing the soul in the struggle. And yet the only riches we can clasp to our bosom with joy in our dying hour are the riches of grace through faith in our only Saviour, Jesus Christ. Let us make these riches ours before the dark hour comes. They will continue and will afford joy and comfort when earthly riches are useless.

AT LEAST AN HOUR.

'What church do you attend?' was asked of a bright, attractive young fellow, doing business in one of our large cities.

'Oh, I just run around,' he answered gaily! 'I don't understand the difference between the churches; in fact there is a great deal in the Bible itself that I don't understand, and until I do, of course I can't join any church.'

'How many hours a day do you spend studying this matter?' asked his questioner.

'Hours?' he repeated in surprise.

'Well, then, minutes?'

The young man was dumb.

'Ah,' said his companion, with patient sadness, 'not one! If you thought a knowledge of geology necessary to your success in life—or astronomy, or shorthand, you would not think of spending less than one hour a day in its study, perhaps two, perhaps three: and you would not expect to know or understand it without that exertion. But the knowledge of God, of Jesus Christ, of salvation—the highest and deepest of all knowledge—you sit around and wait for, as if it would come like a flash of lightning!'

Does any reader see a likeness to himself in a young man of business.

TOLL GATES

Oftentimes the hinderances that lie in the path of duty may be compared to the toll-gates upon our turnpike roads,—they are kept shut till we are just upon them, and then fly open, as it were, of themselves. And that is time enough; if they had been open a week beforehand we could but have gone through at last.—*John Newton.*

THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE.

BY JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

CHAPTER X.—*(Continued.)*

LETTER V.

"This letter is not about a poor thing. It's about a saint—a soldier-saint—which I and the chaplain think nearly the best kind. His name was Martin, he got to be a bishop in the end, but when he first enlisted he was only a catechumen. Do you know what a catechumen is, dear mother? Perhaps if you're not quite so high-church as the engineer I told you of, who prints so beautifully, you may not know. It means when you've been born a heathen, and are going to be a Christian, only you've not yet been baptized. The engineer has given me a picture of him—St. Martin, I mean—and now he has printed underneath it, in beautiful, thick black letters that you can hardly read if you don't know what they are, and the very particular words in red, 'Martin—yet but a catechumen!' He can illuminate, too, though not quite so well as father; he is very high-church, and I'm high-church, too, and so is our chaplain, but he is broad as well. The engineer thinks he's rather too broad, but Uncle Henry and Aunt Adelaide think he's quite perfect; and so do I, and so does everybody else. He comes in sometimes, but not very often, because he's so busy. He came the other night because I wanted to confess. What I wanted to confess was that I laughed in church. He is a very big man, and he has a very big surplice, with a great lot of gathers behind, which makes my engineer very angry, because it's the wrong shape, and he preaches splendidly, the chaplain I mean, straight out of his head, and when all the soldiers are listening he swings his arms about, and the surplice gets in his way, and he catches hold of it, and oh! mother dear, I must tell you what it reminded me of. When I was very little, and father used to tie a knot in his big pocket-handkerchief and put his first finger into it to make a head that nodded, and wind the rest round his hand, and stick out his thumb and another finger for arms, and do the Yea-verily-man to amuse you and me. It was last Sunday, and a most splendid sermon, but his stole got round under his ear, and his sleeves did look just like the Yea-verily-man, and I tried not to look, and then I caught the Irish officer's eye, and he twinkled, and then I laughed, because I remembered his telling Aunt Adelaide, 'That's the grandest old padre that ever got up in a pulpit, but did ye ever see a man get so mixed up with his clothes?' I was very sorry when I laughed, so I settled I would confess, for my engineer thinks you ought always to confess; so when our chaplain came in after dinner on Monday, I confessed, but he only laughed till he broke down Aunt Adelaide's black and gold chair. He is too big for it, really. Aunt Adelaide never lets Uncle Henry sit on it. So he was very sorry, and Aunt Adelaide begged him not to mind, and then in came my engineer in war-paint (if you look out war-paint in the Canteen Book I gave you, you'll see what it means.) He was in war-paint because he was orderly officer for the evening, and he'd got his sword under one arm, and the picture under the other, and his short cloak on to keep it dry, because it was raining. He made the frame himself; he can make Oxford frames quite well, and he's going to teach me how to. Then I said, 'Who is it?' so he told me, and now I'm going to tell you, in case you don't know. Well, St. Martin was born in Hungary, in the year 316. His father and mother were heathens, but when he was about my age he made up his mind he would be a Christian. His father and mother were so afraid of his turning into a monk, that as soon as he was old enough they enlisted him in the army, hoping that would cure him of wanting to be a Christian, but it didn't—Martin wanted to be a Christian just as much as ever; still he got interested with his work and his comrades, and he dawdled on only a catechumen, and didn't make full profession and get baptized. One winter his corps was quartered at Amiens, and on a very bitter night, near the gates, he saw a half-naked beggar shivering with the cold. (I asked my engineer, 'Was he orderly officer for the evening?' but he said, 'More likely on patrol duty, with some of his comrades.' However, he says he won't be sure, for Martin was tribune, which is very nearly a colonel, two years afterwards, he knows.) When Martin saw the beggar at the gate, he pulled out his big military cloak, and drew his sword, and cut it in half, and wrapped half of it round the poor beggar to keep him warm. I know you'll think him very kind, but wait a bit, that's not all. Next night when Martin the soldier was asleep, he had a vision. Did you ever have a vision? I wish I could! This was Martin's vision. He saw Christ our Lord in heaven, sitting among the shining hosts, and wearing over one shoulder half a military cloak, and as Martin saw him he heard him say, 'Behold the mantle given to Me by Martin—yet but a catechumen!' After that vision he didn't wait any longer; he was baptized at once.

"Mother dear, I've told you this quite truthfully, but I can't tell it to you so splendidly as my engineer did, standing with his back to the fire, and holding out his cape, and drawing his sword, to show me how Martin divided his cloak with the beggar. Aunt Adelaide isn't afraid of swords, she is too used to them, but she says she thinks soldiers do things in huts they would never think of doing in big

"Martin—yet but a catechumen."

rooms, just to show how neatly they can manage, without hurting anything. The chaplain broke the chair, but then he isn't exactly a soldier, and the D.A.Q.M.G., that I told you of, comes in sometimes, and says, 'I beg your pardon, Mrs. Jones, but I must,'—and puts both his hands on the end of the sofa, and lifts his body till he gets his legs sticking straight out. They are very long legs, and he and the sofa go nearly across the room, but he never kicks anything, it's a kind of athletics; and there's another officer who comes in at one door and Catherine-wheels right across to the farthest corner, and he is over six foot, too, but they never break anything. We do laugh.

"I wish you could have seen my engineer doing St. Martin. He had to go directly afterwards, and then the chaplain came and stood in front of me, on the hearth-rug, in the firelight, just where my engineer had been standing, and he took up the picture, and looked at it. So I said, 'Do you know about St. Martin?' and he said he did, and he said, 'One of the greatest of those many soldiers of the Cross who have also fought under earthly banners.' Then he put down the picture, and got hold of his elbow with his hand, as if he was holding his surplice out of the way, and said, 'Great, as well as good, for this reason; he was one of those rare souls to whom the counsels of God are clear, not to the utmost of the times in which he lived—but in advance of those times. Such men are not always popular, nor even largely successful in their day, but the light they hold lightens more generations of this naughty world than the pious tapers of commoner men. You know that Martin the catechumen became Martin the saint—do you know that Martin the soldier became Martin the bishop?—and that in an age of credulity and fanaticism, that man of God discredited some relics very popular with the pious in his diocese, and proved and exposed them to be those of an executed robber. Later in life it is recorded of Martin, Bishop of Tours, that he lifted his voice in protest against persecutions for religion, and the punishment of heretics. In the nineteenth century we are little able to judge how great must have been the faith of that man in the God of truth and of love.' It was like a little sermon, and I think this is exactly how he said it, for I got Aunt Adelaide to write it out for me this morning, and she remembers sermons awfully well. I've been looking St. Martin out in the calendar; his day is the 10th of November. He is not a Collect, Epistle, and Gospel saint, only one of the Black Letter ones; but the 10th of November is going to be on a Sunday this year, and I am so glad, for I've asked our chaplain if we may have the 'Tug-of-War Hymn' for St. Martin—and he has given leave.

"It's a long way off; I wish it came sooner. So now, mother dear, you have time to make your arrangements as you like, but you see that whatever happens, I must be in camp on St. Martin's day.

"Your loving and dutiful son,

"LEONARD."

(To be Continued.)

HARLIE'S EAGLET.

The men were building a new railway along the river back of Harlie's home. One day, as they were eating their dinners, they noticed an eagle leaving a rocky point opposite them, and sailing away out of sight.

"I'll bet there's a nest of young eagles over there," said one of the men, and threw off his coat and swam across to see.

In a little while he came back with an eaglet in his arms. The other one had been drowned in crossing.

The men, who boarded with Harlie's father, made a pen of slabs, and caged the baby king of birds in it. By and by the old eagles came back, and when they found their young ones missing, they cried and acted as much like human fathers and mothers as it was possible for eagles to act. When at last they found where the little prisoner was, what did they do but circle around and around above it, coming as near as they dared to the men's rifles, and shrieking to their baby, telling it, I suppose, to try to get away if it could, but if it couldn't, to keep up its courage and they would see that it did not suffer.

Anyway, they went off and soon came back with fishes in their bills, which they dropped so straight that not one missed going through the cracks in the pen. This they kept up for several days, and might have done so for weeks, but it was more than the tender heart of little Harlie could endure to see the eaglet pining and drooping in the close little coop, and its parents so anxious about it, and yet afraid to come to it.

So, one day when the men were working in a cut around a bend from the house, he took an axe which was about all he could lug, and trudged manfully off to the coop with a big resolve in his heart. The axe was of no use to him, because of its weight, after he had lugged it there, but finding a loose slab, he lifted and pulled at it until his hands were full of splinters; but he made an opening large enough to squeeze through.

It took but a second to throw his arms around the surprised bird, and drag it from its confinement. Then Harlie trudged down to the river on his errand of mercy. I do not know how he expected to get the rescued eaglet across—maybe he thought it could swim; he could neither swim nor row. But I am sure the way the bird did get over was as much a surprise to him as any one.

"Look!" exclaimed one of the men; "the old eagle is coming to feed our pet again; it's about her time."

"What a funny fish she has—it isn't a fish! What is it? She's going away with it! Our eaglet!"

They dropped their tools and ran. Before they reached the river bank the eagle was almost to her nest, and they turned to go back, wondering how in the world she had managed to break into the pen without being seen. But just as they turned, there scrambled up out of the sand and mud the queerest little figure—Harlie. The keen-eyed eagle had spied him and his burden, swooped down upon him with a force that sent him rolling in the mud, and flown off with her baby in her clutch, too rejoiced in recovering it to want to hurt the already badly scared little fellow.

After that the eagles' nest was let alone, and Harlie was glad in his heart that he had set the prisoner free, if he did come out of it covered with mud.—*J. F. Cowan, in Youth's Companion.*

CÆSAR AND CHRIST.

Cæsar had the love of power. Christ had the power of love. Cæsar had as his motto, 'Might makes right.' Christ had as His, 'Right makes might.' John the Baptist, in the words, 'God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham,' struck down aristocracy. Christ, in the words, 'Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free,' announced the only method of obtaining liberty. In that great phrase 'Our Father,' He declared universal brotherhood. In the words, 'The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath,' He attacked the sanctity of institutions. In dying for all, He announced the equal value of all in God's sight. Every one of these ideas is political and has uprooted thrones and kingdoms.—*Hannah Whitall Smith.*

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"—*From Painting by W. Woodhouse.*

THE STORY OF A SHORT LIFE.

BY JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

CHAPTER XI.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth—" 2 Tim. iv. 7.

IT was Sunday. Sunday, the tenth of November—St. Martin's day.

Though it was in November, a summer day. A day of that little summer which alternately claims St. Luke and St. Martin as its patrons, and is apt to shine its brightest when it can claim both—on the Feast of All Saints.

Sunday in camp. With curious points of likeness and unlikeness to English Sundays elsewhere. Like in that general aspect of tidiness and quiet, of gravity and pause, which betrays that a hard-working and very practical people have thought good to keep much of the Sabbath with its Sunday. Like, too, in the little groups of children, gay in Sunday best, and grave with Sunday books, trotting to Sunday-school.

Unlike, in that to see all the men about the place washed and shaved is not, among soldiers, peculiar to Sunday. Unlike, also, in a more festal feeling produced by the gay gatherings of men and officers on church parade (far distant be the day when parade services shall be abolished!), and by the exhilarating sounds of the bands with which each regiment marched from its parade-ground to the church.

Here and there small detachments might be met making their way to the Roman Catholic church in camp, or to places of worship of various denominations in the neighboring town; and on Blind Baby's parade (where he was prematurely crushing his Sunday frock with his drum-basket in ecstatic sympathy with the bands), a corporal of exceptional views was parading himself and two privates of the same denominations, before marching the three of them to their own peculiar prayer-meeting.

The brigade for the iron church paraded early (the sunshine and sweet air seemed to promote alacrity). And after the men were seated their officers still lingered outside, chatting with the ladies and the staff, as these assembled by degrees, and sunning themselves in the genial warmth of St. Martin's little summer.

The V. C. was talking with the little boys in sailor suits and their mother, when the officer who played the organ came towards them.

"Good-morning, kapellmeister!" said two or three voices.

Nicknames were common in the camp, and this one had been rapidly adopted

"Ye look cloudy this fine morning, kapellmeister!" cried the Irish officer. "Got the toothache?"

The kapellmeister shook his head, and forced a smile which rather intensified than diminished the gloom of a countenance which did not naturally lend itself to lines of levity. Was he not a Scotchman, and also a musician? His lips smiled in answer to the chaff, but his sombre eyes were fixed on the V. C. They had—as some eyes have—an odd summoning power, and the V. C. went to meet him.

When he said, "I was in there this morning," the V. C.'s eyes followed the kapellmeister's to the barrack-master's hut, and his own face fell.

"He wants the 'Tug-of-War Hymn,'" said the kapellmeister.

"He's not coming to church?"

"Oh, no; but he's set his heart on hearing the 'Tug-of-War Hymn' through his bedroom window; and it seems the chaplain has promised we shall have it to-day. It's a most amazing thing," added the kapellmeister, shooting out one arm with a gesture common to him when oppressed by an idea,—"it's a most amazing thing! For I think, if I were in my grave that hymn—as these men bolt with it—might make me turn in my place of rest; but it's the last thing I should care to hear if I were ill in bed. However, he wants it, poor lad, and he asked me to ask you if you would turn outside when it begins, and sing so that he can hear your voice and the words."

"Oh, he can never hear me over there!"

"He can hear you fast enough! It's quite close. He begged me to ask you, and I was to say it's his last Sunday."

There was a pause. The V. C. looked at the little "officers' door," which was close to his usual seat, which always stood open in summer weather, and half in half out of which men often stood in the crush of a parade service. There was no difficulty in the matter except his own intense dislike to anything approaching to display. Also he had become more attached than he could have believed possible to the gallant-hearted child whose worship of him had been flattery as delicate as it was sincere. It was no small pain to know that the boy lay dying—a pain he would have preferred to bear in silence.

"Is he very much set upon it?"

"Absolutely."

'Is she—is Lady Jane there?"

"All of them. He can't last the day out."

"When will it be sung—that hymn, I mean?"

"I've put it on after the third Collect."

"All right."

The V. C. took up his sword and went to his seat, and the kapellmeister took up his and went to the organ.

. . . . . .

In the barrack-master's hut my hero lay dying. His mind was now absolutely clear, but during the night it had wandered—wandered in a delirium that was perhaps some solace of his sufferings, for he had believed himself to be a soldier on active service, bearing the brunt of battle and the pain of wounds; and when fever consumed him, he thought it was the heat of India that parched his throat and scorched his skin; and called again and again in noble raving to imaginary comrades to keep up heart and press forward.

About four o'clock he sank into stupor, and the doctor forced Lady Jane to go and lie down, and the colonel took his wife away to rest also.

At gun-fire Leonard opened his eyes. For some minutes he gazed straight ahead of him, and the master of the house, who sat by his bedside, could not be sure whether he were still delirious or no; but when their eyes met he saw that Leonard's senses had returned to him, and kissed the wan little hand that was feeling about for The Sweep's head in silence that he almost feared to break.

Leonard broke in by saying, "When did you bring Uncle Rupert to camp, father dear?"

"Uncle Rupert is at home, my darling; and you are in Uncle Henry's hut."

"I know I am; and so is Uncle Rupert. He is at the end of the room there. Can't you see him?'

"No, Len; I only see the wall, with your text on it that poor old father did for you.

"My 'goodly heritage,' you mean? I can't see that now. Uncle Rupert is in front of it. I thought you put him there. Only he's out of his frame, and—it's very odd!"

"What's odd, my darling?"

"Some one has wiped away all the tears from his eyes."

. . . . . .

"Hymn two hundred and sixty-three; 'Fight the good fight of faith.'"

(To be Continued.)

FEAR.

Some celebrated man, who saw a little clearer than others, once said, 'The fear of looking like a fool has prevented many a man acting like a hero!'

This unworthy fear, which consists largely of self-conceit and self-consciousness, is the great vice to be eliminated in growing from the heart, *out*. There is nothing but love which can utterly overpower it. It is that love which is a love to God and a love to our fellow-men, and which, growing greater and greater in the heart, finally casts out self-conscious fear as well as every other baser thing. Where love grows perfect there is room for nothing else.

THE TERCENTENARY OF THE CONGREGATIONAL MARTYRS.

(Continued From First Page.)

was some ten years older, and who like him had been at Cambridge. Barrowe came from an old family in Norfolk, and was entered as a law student at Gray's Inn. He was living a dissipated life, when one day as he and a companion were passing by a church the loud voice of the preacher struck him, and he proposed to enter.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed his companion, 'shall we go in to hear a man talk?'

However, they entered, and from that time Barrowe appears to have greatly changed his life. He gave attention to religious matters, and became friendly with Greenwood. When, therefore, Greenwood was suddenly clapped into prison for nothing but a religious 'offence,' it was not unlikely but that Barrowe should seek to visit him.

There was no Habeas Corpus act then in force to provide for the speedy hearing of charges against prisoners, and Greenwood was kept for long in gaol; and on a Sunday morning in the next month Barrowe visited his friend in the Clink. It was no doubt a rash act; it was like putting his head into a lion's mouth. But there was no warrant out against him, and Barrowe entered. Yet the gaoler, seeing him there, kept him.

It is said that a conversation Barrowe had held with some one had been reported to Archbishop Whitgift. Perhaps, therefore, the gaoler had received secret instructions or hoped to curry favor by his act. However this may be, Barrowe was arrested without warrant on November 19, 1586, and afterwards taken up the silent highway of the Thames to Lambeth for examination before the Archbishop. Subsequently he was immured in the Fleet prison, on the side of which—by a strange and remarkable poetic justice—the Congegational Memorial Hall now rears its lofty head.

Greenwood, also, was imprisoned in the Fleet, and the two conversed together, no doubt often on religious and ecclesiastical affairs. The principles of Church government at which they arrived, or which they accepted, were those of Independency, and differed but very little from those proclaimed by Robert Browne.

The two men occupied themselves by writing, and the story goes that a waiting-maid who served them smuggled their small manuscripts out of gaol in a jug. Secretly their treatises were taken to Holland, printed there, and widely circulated. So, although their voices were silenced, yet by the magic power of the printing press they were able to set forth their views.

Barrowe was, next to Browne, the most notable of the Separatists, and perhaps only second to him as a leader of Independency in Elizabeth's reign. Indeed, Independents were sometimes called Barrowists, and their chapels or places of meeting were named Barrowist synagogues. Whether Barrowe was the author of the famous Martin Marprelate Tracts must forever remain a mystery. They were a series of writings bitterly attacking Episcopacy, which appeared about the year 1586. Some persons hold that Penry was the author of some of them; but like the celebrated looters of 'Junius,' their authorship must ever remain an unsolved problem of English literature and history.

While Barrowe and Greenwood remained in prison, they were often brought before the Archbishop, or the Court of High Commission, or Star Chamber. These examinations afforded the prisoners an opportunity of stating their views with clearness. Strong language was used sometimes, and Barrowe—according to Skeats, in his 'History of the Free Churches'—called Whitgift a 'monster' and a 'beast' to his face. 'It was true,' remarks Skeats, tersely, 'but the words probably cost him his life.'

The Separatists out of prison continued to meet in private houses and in the open air. One of their places of meeting was Roger Rippon's house at Southwark, and he and several others were consequently shut up in gaol. But in 1592 a strange leniency seems to have taken possession of their persecutors, and some of the prisoners were allowed to leave. Of course, there were meetings held, and Southwark was the place chosen.

It was here that Penry, whose name will probably be ever associated with those of Greenwood and Barrowe, seems to have come into personal contact with them. He had been engaged in preaching among the hills and valleys of his native Wales, then had escaped to Scotland to avoid imprisonment at the hands of Whitgift. Here also at Southwark was Francis Johnson, a Cambridge man and a Puritan, who appears to have been led to embrace Independency when in Holland by reading a treatise of Barrowe and Greenwood.

The end of these two men was now drawing nigh. Apparently Barrowe had not been released on bail as Greenwood had been, or, if so, he had been re-arrested, and the two were charged with denying the Queen's Supremacy as Governor of the Church; it would seem that this was regarded as slandering the Queen's Majesty and stirring up sedition and insurrection. The two were condemned to death on the 23rd of March, and after being tormented with mock reprieves they were finally and almost secretly executed on the 6th of April.

Penry was condemned shortly afterwards for words found in his diary and held to be treasonable, and on May 29, he, too, was executed, the last of the famous triumvirate.

At one of his examinations he had been asked what office he held in his Church, 'which met,' said his questioner, 'in woods and I know not where.'

'I have no office,' said Penry, with beautiful simplicity, 'in that poor congregation; and as for our meeting in woods, or anywhere else, we have the examples of our Saviour Jesus Christ, and of His Church and servants in all ages, for our warrant. It is against our will that we go into woods or secret places; as we are not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, so our desire is to profess the same openly. We are ready before men and angels to show and justify our meetings, and our behavior in them, desiring earnestly that we may have peace and quietness to serve our God, even before all men, that they may be witness of our upright walking towards God and all the world, especially towards our prince and country.'

To execute such men as this was gross wickedness. Apparently the queen and her clerical advisers felt they had gone too far, or far enough in this direction. At all events the executions were stayed. The Separatists were to be treated differently, and a law was passed called 'An Act for the Punishment of Persons obstinately refusing to come to church, and persuading others to impugn the Queen's authority in Ecclesiastical Matters.' It provided that if anyone over sixteen years of age attended any meeting under pretence of exercising religion, they should be liable to be imprisoned, and if they failed to make a declaration of Conformity, they should be banished from the kingdom. If they refused to go into exile, or returned without license, the punishment was death. Under this act numbers emigrated to Holland, and Francis Johnson being released from his long sojourn in gaol, went to Amsterdam, and a church was established there of some 300 members.

But Independency was born, and was growing fast. Sir Walter Raleigh, in the debates on this bill, asserted that in London and the eastern counties there were 20,000 Brownists, while when the queen died in 1603 it is said there were still some 1,500 Nonconformist ministers left in the land.

No one taxes the Established Church of to-day with those crimes and oppressions of its ancestors 300 years ago. But looking back into the fascinating story of our country, we can see that these early Separatists or Nonconformists fought a noble fight, which has borne great results. These Nonconformists fought for liberty, and in the succeeding reigns they played a great part indeed, in the making of England. Britain would not have been what she is, nor the United States what they are, but for the life and labor, the sufferings and death, and the widespread influence of the British Nonconformists.

HAVE A PURPOSE.

Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to be something with all your might. Do not dare to think that a child of God can worthily work out his career, or worthily serve God's other children, unless he does both in the love and fear of God their Father.—*Phillips Brooks.*

'OH, THAT I HAD!'

Joe Stoker was a railway man. He was of a buoyant, cheerful disposition, and exceedingly popular with the men. Whatever faults he had, they were overlooked because it was Joe.

On the accommodation train on which he was a brakeman the passengers liked him, for he was eager to please and to answer questions. Of course he was popular. One thing, however, the passengers did not know, Joe tippled.

He never refused a drink; but he was never known to get drunk. When his friends remonstrated with him upon this dangerous habit, he used to answer, 'I'm a temperance man. I'm temperate in drinking and in eating and smoking. No one ever saw me drunk.' As that was true, his friends were silenced, even if they were not convinced.

No quality of mind is of more importance on a railway or in any other business than a constant sense of responsibility. Joe did not have this.

'I'll turn out all right; don't you worry.'

This was his favorite expression. He did not realize that he was as necessary to his post as were the conductor and engineer to their posts. He worked because he liked the place. It was pleasure to him. He had variety. This suited his nature. He did not work because there was value or dignity in it. He never thought of that. He only gauged days as *plus* or *minus* in proportion as he had a good time or not.

It was very cold one winter, and Joe grumbled very much at the weather. Grumbling had not been a fault of his. His companions noticed it, and noticed too, that he tippled more frequently than usual, and that his eyes had an unsteady expression in them. The conductor of the train said to him very seriously one day when they were alone:

'You'd better look out, Joe. You are taking too much liquor. You'll get caught some day.'

Joe gave one of his brightest smiles, that made his friend think he had overestimated the danger, and said:

'Thank you. I'm all right. Don't you worry.'

That evening there was a heavy snow storm, and his train was delayed. Joe complained of extra duties because of the storm, and slyly sipped occasional draughts from a flat bottle. Soon he became quite jolly; but the conductor and engineer of the train were both vigilant and anxious.

Between two stations the train came to a quick halt. The engine had blown out its cylinder head, and an express train was due in a few minutes upon the same track. The conductor hurried to the rear car, and ordered Joe back with a red light. The brakeman laughed and said:

'There's no hurry. Wait till I get my overcoat.'

The conductor answered gravely, 'Don't stop a minute, Joe. The express is due.'

'All right,' said Joe, smilingly. The conductor then hurried forward to the engine.

But the brakeman did not go at once. He stopped to put on his overcoat. Then he took another sip from the flat bottle to keep the cold out. Then he slowly grasped the lantern, and whistling, moved leisurely down the track.

He had not gone ten paces before he heard the puffing of the express. Now he ran for the curve, but it was too late. In a horrible minute the engine of the express had telescoped the standing train, and the shrieks of the mangled passengers mingled with the hissing escape of steam.

Later on, when they asked for Joe, he had disappeared, but the next day he was found in a barn, delirious, swinging an empty lantern in front of an imaginary train, and crying, 'Oh, that I had!'

He was taken home, and afterward to an asylum, for this is a true story, and there is no sadder sound in that sad place than the unceasing moan, 'Oh, that I had! Oh, that I had!' of the unfortunate brakeman, whose criminal indulgence brought disaster to many lives.

'Oh, that I had!' or 'Oh, that I had not!' is the silent cry of many a man, who would give life itself for the chance to go back and avoid some long-past error, possibly forgotten by every one but himself and God.—*Youth's Companion.*

BEFORE SEDAN.

FROM AUSTIN DOBSON'S POEMS.

Here, in this leafy place,
Quiet he lies,
Cold, with his sightless face
Turned to the skies:
'Tis but another dead;
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence!—
Kings must have slaves;
Kings claim the reverence
Over men's graves;
So this man's eye is dim;—
Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,
There, at his side?
Paper his hand had clutched
Tight ere he died;—
Message or wish may be;—
Smooth the folds out and see.

Hardly the worst of us
Here could have smiled:—
Only the tremulous
Words of a child;—
Prattle that has for stops
Just a few ruddy drops.

Look. She is sad to miss,
Morning and night,
His—her dead father's—kiss;
Tries to be bright,
Good to mamma, and sweet.
That is all. 'Marguerite.'

Ah, if beside the dead
Slumber the pain!
Ah, if the hearts that bled
Slept with the slain!
If the grief died;—but no;—
Death will not have it so.

NEW CLUB RATES.

The following are the NEW CLUB RATES for the MESSENGER, which are considerably reduced:

1 copy		$ 0 30
10 copies to one address		2 25
20 " "	"	4 40
50 " "	"	10 50
100 " "	"	20 00

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States where International money orders cannot be procured can remit by money order, payable at Rouses Point Post Office, N. Y. State or secure an American Express Co. order, payable at Montreal.

THE ATTENTION OF SUBSCRIBERS is earnestly called to the instructions given in every paper that all business letters for the *Messenger* should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and not to any personal address. Attention to this will save much trouble and will reduce the chances of delay or irregularity.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THIS Rolled Gold Plated Ring (worth $1), your name on 20 new and pretty Cards, silk fringed, gold edge, hidden name, etc. Agent's Sample Case and a 25c present, all for 10c. Samples, etc., 3c.
Address STAR CARD CO. Knowlton, P. Q.

IF YOU WANT to get cheap Jewellery, Novelties, or a Watch, at about one-half regular price, write for Catalogue and private terms. Address,
HALL BROS. & CO., Knowlton, P. Q.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

PLEASE MENTION THE "NORTHERN MESSENGER" WHEN REPLYING TO ANY ADVERTISEMENT THEREIN. THIS WILL ALWAYS BE ESTEEMED A FAVOR BY BOTH ADVERTISERS AND PUBLISHERS.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at No. 142 St. Peter street and from 872 to 682 Craig street, "Witness" Building, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and all letters to the Editor should be addressed "Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'"